

## Read It . . . .



or not?

By Cpl. E. M. Rorke

Like the man who became father to twin boys we are going around grinning from "heir to heir". It's all on account of a little yarn we heard at the Active Service Canteen the other night. An army lad proudly displayed a telegram received from his wife in the West. It read—"Just had twins, more by mail. Love, Mary."

Did you ever notice how overcrowded the Corporal's room is on meeting nights? Well there's nothing like a full turnout to help build up the prestige of corporals on this Station.

One of our American lads who hails from down Kentucky way tells us that they really grow tough down in his home state. A hill billy woman whose feet had been toughened by a lifetime of shoelessness was standing in front of her cabin fireplace one day when her husband said to her. "You'd better move your foot a mite maw, you're standing on a live coal."

She replied, "Which foot, paw?" Here's one hot from the corn crib. St. Peter (at the gates of Heaven): How did you get here my man?

F/O MacTavish: Flu. LAC Jimmy Shea says that he won't let his girl go to the movies to see Gary Cooper any more, 'cause it takes her two or three days to get used to him again.

Corporal Weiderhold wants to know if elephants get drunk would they go around seeing Pink Frank Bucks?

The old golf course is shaping up for a good season's play. That is of course if we can get a supply of those little white pills that are so necessary. Golf's the game that turns the cows out of the pastures and lets the bull in. We've got to hand it to Sgt. Ken Knox of Station Headquarters though. He never swears when he makes a poor shot—but where he spits grass will never grow again.

There was a little commotion around the pay office 'tother day when the siren sounded unexpectedly in the forenoon. S/M Turner, anxious to find out why, ran over to the steam plant and asked the reason why it was blowing. Because I'm pulling the lever, was the laconic reply.

And so I think I'll pull the lever on this and call it a day.

(Tune—"On Wisconsin")

Corporals Anning and MacKenzie Sent from Manning Pool, To keep us happy—make us snappy Just like back at school.

They work like slaves for Girls who then soar, On to plant the name Of W.D. in R.C.A.F. Victory—that's our aim.

—By L. ST. C. SAWDON.

## My Life in the R.C.A.F. (W.D.)

(By AW2 Dancey, G. H.)

It was in January, 1942, when the idea of joining the R.C.A.F. (W.D.) struck me. There had been much talk about it. Every topic of conversation seemed to end in a discussion of the R.C.A.F. (W.D.) Somehow the urge to be in and acting overwhelmed me. Why not let us women do our part? We knew we were capable if only given the chance.

Now the time had come. In February, 1942, I began inquiries down at the Recruiting Centre in Windsor. The Recruiting Office was busy at all times. Strange people coming in and going out almost incessantly.

Finally, testing, medical examination and the filling out of forms was over. The great day had arrived, and on March 2 I was sworn in. I now had passed the enlisting grade. A new feeling; something strange, tense, yet exhilarating, mixed with a feeling of impulsive action, came into being. Packing of clothes began at once. Small articles were set aside each day until the two weeks leave were up.

The final day of departure arrived. I was down at the recruiting office at 11 a.m. on the 21st day of March. Twenty-six recruits were there, all waiting anxiously for the photographers to come and take our picture so we could spend the last few hours at home with our folks. The photographers came and left. We were free until 5 p.m., when our train bound for Toronto was due.

After all the goodbyes were said, the train pulled out and we settled ourselves for a nice journey. It was a very nice journey. We gossiped (as women do) of everything imaginable. Especially of what was in store for us in the near future.

On arrival at the Union Station, Toronto, I set my luggage down and began to wait. Most of us were quite tired by now, and waiting didn't help our spirits much. Finally the station wagons arrived and I, along with twenty-five others, was taken to No. 6 "M" Depot.

Once settled in my new home, homesickness developed. So many strange people all in one room. If I could only be by myself for a few hours. It was impossible. The only thing to do was to keep busy. So I began writing letters, and the feeling soon passed.

The days flew by. Inoculations, trade training, lectures, clothing, equipment, drills, and a hundred other things took up all the time I possessed. Our Squadron put on a concert, as they all do, which turned out very successful.

Soon three weeks of busy, exciting days came to a climax. There was a station dance held in the mess hall and everyone seemed to be there. The hall was just packed.

The last week at No. 6 "M" Depot was crammed with work, and pleasure. I prepared all my kit for inspection and eliminated all unnecessary clothing and packed them prior to being shipped home.

On Friday, March 17, all the Squadron was assembled in the lecture room for our final address and posting by Squadron Officer Bather. I was tense with excite-

ment. The daily routine rumours that had been going around had me worried. Where were we being posted? Finally I was told. No. 1 S.F.T.S., Camp Borden, was the Station. I don't know whether I was happy or not, but I do know that the feeling of relief at actually knowing where I was going was very satisfying.

We were to leave Toronto at 9 a.m. on Saturday, March 18. Saturday: up early, buttons polished; everything in order; breakfast over; returned bedding to clothing stores; at last assembled with others in the squadron lecture room. After the busses were filled, our officers came out and wished us all good luck on our Station and then we were off to the train. Once aboard the train I settled myself with some chums and prepared to enjoy the flying scenery.

As we entered Camp Borden I was astounded to find it was so barren and sandy. There were hardly any buildings and I wondered where the barracks were. The train seemed to bring us deeper and deeper into more sand and brush. At last we came to what seemed like civilization. Several brick buildings could be seen in the distance and my heart gave a leap for joy. I stood up on the train by the window and watched as we passed several soldiers and airmen on the road. I don't know if they resented the idea of airwomen coming to Camp Borden or not, but they certainly didn't look enthused about us at all.

Our destination had arrived. I got my luggage down and after being shown our barracks, I carried my luggage in. A very nice dinner had been prepared for us in a mess hall. I say "a" mess hall because it was so nice I wasn't quite sure whether it was for the airwomen or not. Everything in both the mess hall and the barracks were new and perfectly grand. I certainly thought it was wonderful. Why, I even had a locker. The first one I had had since I had enlisted.

On Monday, March 20, we were taken on a tour of the Station, which proved very interesting indeed. The hangars where the planes were being repaired or tested by mechanics interested me a great deal. The Link Trainer building also drew my attention and I still wonder if the instructor thought we were dumb, but there were so many little gadgets and dials I wondered how they ever kept count of them all.

On Tuesday we were shown to our respective jobs. At first it seemed as though I was going to be an ornament, but soon things began to take shape and work began. So far my off duty time has been spent mostly in the Drill Hall engaged in playing one of the several games which the hall has to offer. Of course there are always letters to be answered and they take a little time. What with washing, ironing and keeping your room tidy, my time is pretty well taken care of. I have not spent a dull moment here as yet.

Such has been my life experience spent with the R.C.A.F. (W.D.)

## Change of Y.M.C.A. Directors



J. C. McCLENAGHAN

It was with a genuine feeling of regret that No. 1 S.F.T.S. bid farewell to Jim McClenaghan, former Y.M.C.A. Director, on April 24 last. Jim is going across the pond in the near future and has donned the khaki uniform of the Overseas Branch of the Y.M.C.A.

Jim McClenaghan succeeded Walling Ruby at this Station over a year ago, coming here from St. Catharines, where he was secretary of the Y.M.C.A. in the beautiful garden city. Jim was a hard worker and quickly won the friendship of all those who were associated with him at this Station. We wish him the very best of luck, health and happiness, and we know that his work will be successful overseas, as it was here at Borden.

Jim's successor, Johnny Bampfield, also hails from the Niagara Peninsula. He was born in Niagara Falls 26 years ago and tells us he started his Y.M.C.A. career under the direction of Jim in St. Kitt's several years ago. Johnny has a pleasing personality, warm smile, a quick sense of humour, and is a dynamo of activity. All these qualifications should combine to spell SUCCESS in all his activities at Borden. We wish him well and are back of him to a man.

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## MOTOR TRANSPORT

A Bird's Eye View of the M.T. (W.D.) Drivers' Section

Where shall I begin!!! Really I think most of us felt very much like the beginner at school. Should I do this, or should I do that? We were very timid and excited about the first job entrusted to us. When it was completed our thoughts were, "Was that within the law?" In civilian life, yes, you drove 50 miles per hour, maybe more, if you weren't slowed down by the Traffic Cop's whistle. Now it's 15 miles per hour in the R.C.A.F. area, 25 miles in the Army area, 40 miles on the Highway, 10 miles for funeral and parades, miscellaneous miles for whatever foreign territory you happen to be in, speed limit of that area must be conformable. An M.T. Driver's prayer, "I pray the Lord the speed limit's posted." Now that's settled, let's get on.

The first few days there really didn't seem much to it. But as days have passed we find M.T. Section is a most important cog in the Camp Borden machinery. Every Department calls upon M.T. some time of the day or week. Our work for this reason proves very interesting and varied. In time we hope that each of us will have had a chance to visit all the various Sections in Camp. At present we are not acquainted with all these "Babes in the Wood" trails around Camp Borden. Some fine day if an M.T. driver dashes madly into your Section and inquires for something you haven't got, please be patient with her, she'll do better next time. Just help the "Babe in the Wood" to the right trail, with a few directions. You'll see what service it will bring in return to show our appreciation.

The procedure seemed quite intricate at first, but it is gradually unfolding and sinking in. Why, at Training School we just heard about 8 M.T. Forms. We know why now, they had the other 88 M.T.

Forms at Camp Borden (more or less). Making these out seems like a game of "Eeny-meeny-miny-mo; there's one for you and one for us and one for the Commando." It seems foolish doesn't it? After all they say there's a war on and economy on paper is to be observed as well as on everything else.

Then the poor Despatcher must have many headaches. He has just so many vehicles and twice as many places to send them. He must know how long this run takes, what type of vehicle is best to despatch to do the job most economically, so that the vehicle may be ready to go out again at a required time.

Then there are the boys who keep 'em rolling. The workshop at times looks like a mess that had been shaken up in a bag and dumped on the floor. How in the world can they find places to put all those things together and make a running concern? You'd wonder, but they do. In that corner of the work we figure we'll have to learn a little more to replace them there—if ever. It seems as if one of the gals has turned a hand in that direction already, as overnight her coveralls became quite shopworn. There are 35 men in our Section. We haven't the right name attached to all the right personages as yet. Some work night shift and there always seems to be a new face bobbing up. We hope to meet them all in the very near future. They're a hard working gang, but in face of it all there's always time for a pleasant word and the odd joke, which tends to make work more pleasurable.

One problem the M.T. Section is up against is, all vehicles must be used until they become unserviceable. I figured I had gotten hold of that unserviceable vehicle the other day when I was sent to Barrie to bring a patient to Camp. I'm wondering if his thoughts were, if he'd be more a patient than he already was, before we reached our destination; as this particular vehicle resembles the "dodgems" at an amusement centre. Glad to relate, however, we now, they had the other 88 M.T. (Turn to Page Eight, please)

## WORKS AND B.

I'm writing this poem all alone, Here's the reason, you see, I'm the only gal of W.D. Who's employed at Works and B.

Just wish you knew the effort it is, To write a bit of news, They're kibitzers all, short and tall, Watching me express my views.

The dance, oh yes, was a great success, At least I heard no complaints, Except for one rule, darn close to cruel, We're certainly not rated as "Saints".

Our stay to date has been a treat No kicks, no groans, no murmurs, As long as we go on ignoring All the far fetched rumors.

The personnel of W & B Is really the "creme de la creme" With Bohas (the quiet one), Po-guey and Blahout— It's great to be the only femme.

Our senior N.C.O., you know, Is the famous W. Reed, Who rules the roost and all he sur-veys, With an iron hand indeed.

To "Wings Over Borden" Our heartfelt thanks For those kind words last week To lonesome gals so far from home, They gladdened our hearts that were bleak.

—K. MCCARTHY.

## THE GIRLS OF THE PARACHUTE SECTION

It has reached the ears of the fair maidens who valiantly strive to pack parachutes, that members of the air crew have decided to leave the rest up to OUR parachutes.

(Tune—"Our Sgt. Major") Before the whistle blows Who is up on her toes, Our silver lining—always shining Favourite Sgt. Ball.

No one could take the place Of such a welcome face, So like a mother—we all love her Our Sgt. Ball.

She's the best friend in the service We ever had And if they leave her stay with us We'll be mighty glad.

No matter where we roam, Near or far from home We'll have no kick—if we can stick With our Sgt. Ball.

—L. ST. C. SAWDON. Salute to Sgt. Ball, Squadron 4.

We're the W.D.'s at Borden And proud are we to be A part of this old station That is fighting for the free. We listen to the bombers Roaring over-head And hope that some day soon we'll play A bigger part instead.

But we shall keep on patiently Though it's hard I will confess And we'll have our fun When we are done We're the crew of the Officers' Mess.

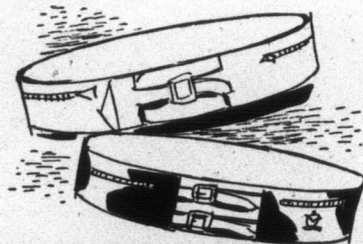
—L. J. S. SHEARER.

take a chance on a parachute packed by us. Now if that isn't an insult, what is?

You may rest assured, gentlemen, that if your parachute fails to open, we will not only replace the parachute but will probably spend 21 years languishing in jail. You may now jump boys, and leave the rest up to OUR parachutes.



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